

Caves of Indifference

Written by Kate Crash



On New Year's Eve check out Kate Crash headlining the [Bondage Ball](#) at Boardners. Kate has one of the most fun and electric live shows to come out of the LA scene in recent memory.

You may have found me laying in caves of indifference
Among the news telecasts and miniature oil rigs
You may have thought to have said something
But there was so much to look at

The water dripping on my face from the black slimey rocks
The leaks in the static shooting from my eyes
The broken swirls in the streams never quite riptides
The echo of nothing said nothing done
You may have found me there clutching my mothers never opposable thumb
The rest of her tangled in some strange weeds of the garden of memory
Hanging out like swamp reeds from my fathers feet
From some things she never wanted herself free
Like the common plague sung breathed madness in the belief that things can change by doing
nothing and being sweet
Agreeable
You may have found me sprawled out in song
Misappropriated to the sun
Never quite on the ground
What was confused for light was only a mirage
A well crafted fire
A string pull dance
A top spun
When they released me
I did just what they had wanted

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But I thought not
Rebellion is not rebellion when one is on the run
From themselves
Love is only a five minute hand job
And god a make believe puppet master
And they are the same as us
Running running running from what?